

## **Tick Tock**

The sirens.

Like newborns in the distance.

An afterthought.

My being being held,  
in place.

By higher life forms,  
I will never meet.

Left to my own devices;  
what preparation have I truly made?

All this paper, but no paper?

Fear kills,  
with the world as witness.

The rich get poorer,  
and the poor get poorer.

No distractions.

Like primordial torture,  
all are forced to live every disgraced moment.

It doesn't discriminate.

Whether you're loading the ark,  
or making the rounds.

Death finds everyone.